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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.  
E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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Sworn Statement of Circulation.  
City of Nebraska, ss.  
County of Douglas, ss.  
Geo. B. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending March 11th 1887, was as follows:  
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Wednesday, Mar. 9, 1887, 14,200  
Thursday, Mar. 10, 1887, 14,450  
Friday, Mar. 11, 1887, 14,300  
Average, 14,336  
GEO. B. TSCHUCK,  
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 12th day of March, A. D. 1887.  
[SEAL] N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

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For one week Lieutenant Governor Sheehy has been absent from the senate, but the government at Lincoln still lives.

SOME of the members of the legislature are like the servant girl who lost her "character" while on board of ship crossing the Atlantic.

OMAHA can boast of the most dangerous railroad crossing in America. Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul are simply nowhere in that regard.

Don't mention it to anybody: Mayor Boyd is willing to sacrifice himself once more if the citizens of the Third ward and Pat Ford insist upon it.

It is given out that Governor Hill's boom is rising. It may wear itself out before the convention meets. Mr. Hill's friends have been too cold.

It is supposed that Colonel Tom Ochiltree will leave Texas when the prohibition bill becomes a law. After all there was a method in that legislative's seeming madness.

The gay and bewildering French capital, Paris, experienced an earthquake yesterday, and many walls of buildings were cracked and the populace was badly frightened.

AFTER several threats to continue all summer, the Dakota legislature has finally adjourned. Nebraska would rejoice if our statesmen would follow Dakota in such a move.

THE Chicago anarchists will have their hearing in the supreme court March 17. In the meantime Miss VanZandt will continue in wax—after which she will probably wane.

Mrs. OSCAR NEEBE, wife of the anarchist, will be buried in Chicago to-day. Ten thousand people will follow the remains to the grave. If the procession is not in a hurry it ought not to disperse until the 17th inst., and then it might march again. Spies and his crowd will be tried on that date.

ACCORDING to our Washington dispatches the name of J. Sterling Morton has been favorably mentioned as one of the persons to investigate the Union Pacific Railroad. Our correspondent says Mr. Morton is an anti-corporation man. This will be news to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, and his son, its general passenger agent.

It is refreshing to read in a Philadelphia paper the following false creation. An advertisement is going the rounds just now, bearing the oft-quoted caption, "All men are liars." The quotation should be changed to read all eastern newspaper men avoid telling the truth, if this is an attempt in that direction:

Those who followed the advice of the late lamented Horace Greeley went west and grew up with the country. They had a rather hard time of it so far this winter. Between blizzards, the wind blowing at the rate of seventy-three miles an hour, the nipping of the frost, the thermometer marking forty-three degrees below zero, and the bandits who seem to be unusually ferocious, the dwellers in the far west have had their lives made a burden.

Nebraskans have passed a very fair winter. Stock has done well, and the thermometer has been very moderate. These bandits, of which the eastern paper speaks, must be the bummers in Lincoln who have been "holding up" so many different corporations and attempting to defeat honest legislation.

**Don't Disgrace the State.**  
The candidacy of Paul Vandervoort for the honorable position of trustee of the new Soldiers' home is a disgrace to the state, and an insult to self-respecting veterans of the Union army. Vandervoort is one of those blatant impostors who pass for brave warriors. He never came within gun shot of the rebels and never fought a battle except with his iron jaw. He never held a commission in the army, and never even received as much as a scratch during the few weeks he served in the field. It was an imposition on the Grand Army that a man with Vandervoort's record should ever have been elected commander. But brass and railroad ties were chiefly responsible for that.

It is not, however, on account of his impudent pretensions as a veteran that Vandervoort has proved himself offensive to all decent men, but on account of his disreputable personal conduct. His career in Omaha has been that of a low bummer and political parasite. As chief clerk of the railway mail service he made the most infamous record. He made the service subservient to political ends and schemes of knavery which brought scandal upon the department. In 1870 he was the chief conspirator connected with the memorable murderous assault by Curry, who was sent to the penitentiary for doing Vandervoort's cowardly bidding. The full testimony of Vandervoort's connection with this criminal assault is still in our possession, together with District Attorney Connell's certificate, showing that Vandervoort only escaped indictment as an accessory because proof was insufficient as to his knowledge of the deadly weapon to be used in the assault. General Gresham dismissed this blatherskite from the postal service for disobedience and incompetency, but he has found shelter under the benevolent wings of the Union Pacific railway which retains him on its pay roll. During the present session of the legislature he has been in his element, carousing with other bummers and vagabonds that have hired out to manipulate the workings and purchasable element of the legislature. Is such a man fit to be a trustee of the Nebraska Soldiers' home? Are the veterans of Nebraska fallen so low as to have no better choice for their ranks? Do they want another "Mendota Carpenter" to disgrace them before the world? We hope that we have reached a period in Nebraska's history when men without character can no longer aspire to positions of honor and trust.

**The Science of Destruction.**  
Probably in no period of the world's history has mankind given so much thought to the means of killing men and the destruction of the work of men's hands as at the present. In every civilized country the most eminent scientists, the most distinguished engineers, the most skillful mechanics and specialists are engaged upon the study of how to produce the most destructive explosives, the most powerful and far-reaching guns and the most invulnerable ships for attack and defense. Infinitely more thought, skill and money are now being expended upon the means of destroying life and property than in all the efforts to advance civilization, education, morality and the social comfort and well-being of the people. New and more rapid-firing guns for men's hands and improved death-dealing ammunition for use in them are replacing the old. Guns of size, strength and weight of projectile beyond former conception or supposed capacity to produce are now being turned out by thousands of skilled human hands, aided by the most perfect modern machinery. New steel ships of supposed increased power of resistance and the greatest possible speed to carry these guns are supplanting the old iron ships that cost untold millions of the product of peaceful human labor. Bombs and torpedoes of the most irresistible character for use above water and below, to be filled with new chemical explosives of almost infinitely greater power than powder, are being devised, tested and made ready for the harvest of havoc and death.

In view of all this can it be truthfully claimed that our civilization is anything more than a veneering? Does it not all prove that we may scratch the sootiest human skin and find beneath it an original savage? Does it not prove that notwithstanding our high-sounding professions regarding the rights of man, in spite of our lip-worship of Him who came to teach us peace, justice, charity and long-suffering, we are as combative, as aggressive, as indifferent to the rights which stand in the way of our ambitious and selfish purposes as when our race consisted of nomadic and ever-warring tribes? Governments claiming to exist for the defense of the rights of man have become agencies for man's oppression, and to-day the world is an armed camp of greater magnitude than ever. Millions toiled that other millions may be placed in battle array against each other, mainly for aggression and the gratification of the ambition of rulers. Europe is a rumbling, threatening volcano, and when the explosion comes and the lurid flames of war break forth, the loss of human life, the destruction of peaceful homes and fair fields and the suffering of the innocent and helpless are but the by-products of the brutal ambition of rulers, who will surpass the results of nature's recent convulsions. And will anything be settled permanently? Nothing. The victor of to-day will not long be satisfied with his gains nor will the defeated long submit to his losses, and thus the savagery of the race will continue to kill, burn and destroy, pretending to uphold the right, to maintain justice, to advance the cause of religion, and yet marring and scarring all that is beautiful in nature while no human wrongs are redressed, no true civilization advanced.

**The Budding Navy.**  
Notwithstanding the report that Secretary Whitney is contemplating retirement from the navy department with a few months' vacation, the navy department is being built up steadily and devotedly to the task devolved upon his department by the appropriations of congress for reinforcing the navy. There will be more work for this department during the next year than has been called upon to do in any other year since the war. Under existing law the secretary is authorized to get his plans from any source, so that his sole dependence need not be upon the construction and steam-engineering bureau of his department.

**A Promised Acquisition to the Stage.**  
The cable has recently been doing generous service in behalf of Mrs. James Brown-Potter in acquainting the American public with the purposes and plans of that accomplished lady now sojourning in London. Presuming there are some of our readers who do not know who Mrs. Potter is, it is necessary to state that she is a handsome and talented American woman, the wife of a wealthy New York banker. It is less than two years since this lady became something of a social sensation, although she had enjoyed a prominent place in the society of New York for a much longer period. The circumstances that gave her national notoriety, if the term be admissible, was her reading of the now well-known poem entitled, "Ostler Joe," at a ladies' reception given by Mrs. Secretary Whitney in Washington. As an elocutionary effort the reading was a pronounced success, but the subject did not meet with general approval. A number of the ladies in attendance professed to have been very much shocked, and the matter became a theme of disturbing social controversy which kept the currents of society life at the national capital greatly agitated for some time. The circumstance was widely discussed in the newspapers of the country, the poem was everywhere published to the great advantage of the author, and Mrs. Potter was elevated into a social sensation. The demand for her greatly increased, flattering attentions were continually showered on her, and a social occasion at which she was an attraction enjoyed a special distinction. Mrs. Potter sought further conquests in England, and achieved them. With no greater difficulty than other pretty and accomplished women have had she secured the favor of the prince of Wales, and, as doesn't often follow, that of the princess also. Having always cherished a taste and desire for the stage, Mrs. Potter's marked successes as a reader intensified her wish to become a "footlight favorite" and confirmed her faith in her histrionic talent. There was no lack of friends to encourage her. Besides, if Mrs. Langtry could succeed why not she, who had received much better training and was very nearly the peer of the English woman in beauty of face? Mrs. Potter went to Paris and became a pupil of Mme. Plessy, a former member of the Theatre Francaise. Here she quite naturally found further encouragement, which under the stimulus of liberal fees the French actress was not sparing of. She found Mrs. Potter a genius of remarkable magnetism, and predicted that she would be "the Rachel of the future," which to a French actress is superlative encomium. Under this generous and genial instigation Mrs. Potter did not long hesitate in deciding her course. And she is now under engagement for a season at the Haymarket, London, where she will make her debut as Ann Sylvester in "Man and Wife."

Next September, if her London engagement does not prove a failure, she will come to the United States.

It is to be hoped that the ambition of Mrs. Potter to win "a genuine artistic success" will be fully gratified. Americans will most heartily welcome her success, and feel proud of the fact that their country has contributed to art another talented woman. American women have done much for the glory of their country in the old world. Mary Anderson achieved a triumph in England greater than has been won by any other actress in this generation, and she is going back there with the almost certain promise of renewing it. Three or four years ago an American girl, Adelaide Detchon, went to London to try her fortune as a reader, and to-day she enjoys throughout the united kingdom an unrivaled reputation as an artist. Five years ago another American girl, Miss Ella Russell, made her debut as a soprano singer at Prato, Italy. She was immediately successful, and has since scored brilliant triumphs in most of the musical centers of Europe, having been especially honored in London, where she sang last summer. The character and talent of American women are honored abroad by these representatives of their country, and the list of such cannot be too greatly enlarged. It will be very pleasing if Mrs. James Brown-Potter shall prove to be worthy to enter the list.

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**We Two.**  
What is life? I ask—and you? We who have known its joys and sorrows, its sullen and its fair to-morrows; We who have loved it, it is perfect day, And faded fainting by the way— What use is life to us—we two?

What use is love? I ask—and you? We who have revelled in its blisses, Drunk ourselves drunk with its kisses, And seen its dawn melt into night, Leaving behind but baleful blight; What use is love to us—we two?

What use are friends? I ask—and you? We have tested them together, And found them true in every weather, And none so true as friends in storm and strife, And none so true as friends in death; What use are friends to us—we two?

What use is hope? I ask—and you? We who, through many stern denials, And coming pain and piteous trials, Have kissed the threshold of the world To find it still but lowly defiled— What use is hope to us—we two?

**AN eastern paper by a dozen illustrations, has shown how light shoes injure women's feet.** In order to make large pictures of the chignons and muscled, puffed-up, and the like of Lincoln were used.

**Is a somewhat lengthy editorial the Kansas City Journal says, earnestly, that "a policeman and his club is the only outward visible sign of power publicly known in America." If this is true America is certainly in a bad way.**

**A new play, by Anna Katherine Greene, is just out.** Anna goes along way around the bush to slap Sara Bernhardt, but it is nicely done as follows: "What! You poor girl without a gawson on him?"

**You peaked, plain, scrubbed man in leaden hose!** If I had horns so small I'd hang myself. But I would get more flesh.

**A nook entitled "How Lost Her," is on our table.** It fairly chills with tenderness. We have not finished the narrative but enough was read to show that she was his mother-in-law.

**LOVE is blind.** Yet it is to be remarked that it never stood on the street all day and ground out horrible sounds from a hand organ.

**"A WOMAN'S CLUB" has been organized in New York.** Most married men are familiar with its workings.

**ELLA WHEELER WILCOX has gone to Ouba.** Ella must remember that passionate

poetic license will allow "rubbish" to rhyme with the name of that southern country. But rubs would be too shrill a blast, dear Ella—pray be careful.

**PROMINENT PERSONS.**  
There are thirteen candidates for mayor, thirty names in Cincinnati.  
Congressman Campbell is a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of Ohio.  
James G. Blaine and John S. Wise are suggested by an "original southern republican" as a strong combination for 1888.  
Ex-Senator Hill, of Colorado, says he has withdrawn entirely from politics and is devoting his attention entirely to business.  
Congressman Hepburn, of Iowa, having been defeated for nomination, will take the field as a soldier candidate for Senator Wilson's seat.  
The Providence Journal says the supremacy of the republican party in Rhode Island is seriously threatened, for the first time since 1854.

**The vote on the prohibition amendment in Michigan will probably be materially affected by the decision of the third party to put a ticket in the field.**  
Chicago Tribune: Secretary Manning is going to Europe. He can evidently stand a wide separation from the administration for which he took the contract of furnishing brains.  
Cassius M. Clay has canceled his appointment to speak throughout the state of Kentucky, but adheres to his purpose to run for the office of governor. In this respect he remains a Kentuckian.  
Congressman McComas, of Maryland, believes that Sherman and Hawley would be an invincible presidential ticket for the republicans to nominate next year. But he thinks also that Blaine will get the nomination, and is wisest.

**Ex-Senator Thurman is said to consider Cleveland as "a man of courage, coolness and wisdom." From the "old Roman's" standpoint there is no difficulty in recognizing the coolness, at least, whatever may be thought of the wisdom.**  
Congressman Scott, of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania district, gave \$25,000 to the Cleveland campaign fund at a critical period, and is reputed much disgruntled at the president's lack of appreciation of his valuable services and threatening to resign his seat. It is said he has long been ambitious to go into the cabinet as secretary of the navy in place of Whitney.

**The Indiana Muddle.**  
The Indiana democrats appear to be still in a muddle. A muddle in Indiana appears to be muddier than in any other state.

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